



AS YOU WERE SAYING...

Why I'm a Schoolteacher

EVERY TIME I see August staring at me from the kitchen calendar, bringing the tag end of Summer and the approach of schooldays, I feel I just can't go back and face another year of squirming, keyed-up, shrill-voiced second graders. Yet I always go back all set to do my best job of "interior decorating" on the 30 or 35 children assigned to my class. Why do I go back?

Because: I am on a bus and I suddenly feel a small seven-year-old slip into the seat beside me and say, "I told my Mom I wanted to sit with you. Gee, I hope I like school this year like I did in your room!"

Because: A card comes from a child vacationing in the mountains during the close of the Summer. It says, "You should be here. It would help your hay fever. I have some beautiful rocks for you."

Because: An eight-year-old calls me up and says—and these are her own words, "So much time to play gets monogamous. I wish we had school. I got measles the day after school stopped. Remember? You said you bet I would get them way after everybody else. I looked a mess."

So I'll go back to my schoolroom, as usual; and no doubt

paste a wise saying on the corner of my desk, as usual. For this year: "Let nothing you dismay . . . nothing!"—Ruth Eckman, Lancaster, Pa.

How a Truck Driver Rescued Our Honeymoon

If all drivers were as courteous as truck drivers, driving wouldn't be so hazardous.

The proverb, "Do unto others . . ." frequently seems to apply only to the other fellow. But if you want to pass a truck, the driver signals when it is safe, and he blinks his lights to say "thank you."

Enroute to California, our car became overheated. We had to stop miles from the nearest town. A truck driver stopped and drained some of the water we needed so desperately from the cooling system of his refrigerated truck.

We'll never forget that truck driver's kindness. If he hadn't

stopped, we would have been forced to spend part of our honeymoon on a lonely road.—Della Marvin, Marion, Ind.

A "Living" Memorial to Our Boys

Our community residents felt that spending a lot of money on a memorial monument or statue was foolish. We decided, instead, to erect a practical memorial to our local boys who gave their lives in World War II. Residents generously donated to the building fund.

We now proudly use our "living memorial," the Valley Memorial Swimming Pool, which was a joint project of three towns. In years to come, thousands will enjoy the pool.

We hope others will build similar memorials and improve the communities our heroes fought to save.—Mrs. Robert J. Rock, Sayre, Pa.

An Investment in Memories

Why don't more families invest in memories for their children? They pay rich dividends and cost nothing.

I inherited some beautiful memories. There were walks

on Sunday afternoon when we looked at clouds and trees, and discovered little animals. There were family picnics, often just supper cooked over a campfire by the creek. On summer evenings, we would lie on the grass and look at the sky, while Dad talked about the stars. And on winter evenings, he read aloud to us by the yellow light of a kerosene lamp. As we listened to poetry, history, and novels, the whole world seemed to be there with us in the big, shadowy kitchen.

Had my father left us money, we might have spent it long ago, but the heritage he did leave grows richer with each passing year.—Mrs. E. T., Algona, Mont.

We Pay \$10 for Your Letters

We welcome your views on any subject of general interest. If we print your letter, you will receive \$10. Letters must be signed, but names will be withheld on request. We reserve the right to edit contributions. Address Letters Editor, Family Weekly, 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

I was just thinking...

... IT'S ALL because of the rubber matting on the floor of the back seat.

I mean the fact that there's a new car in our garage and the bankbook is red, not black.

The head of the household had only murmured that maybe we needed a new car, but every auto dealer for miles around heard him. It was like the first taste of fame. The phone rang at breakfast and scouts for the opposition hid near the showrooms. The word was out.

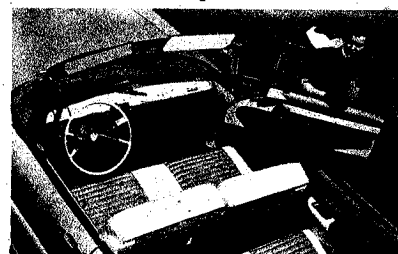
We must be conservative, said the head of the household. A big car is a drug on the market.

The better half agreed. Her account was overdrawn. But we want power brakes, of course, and power steering, and a pretty color, she said.

Like black, said the head of the household. And no white sidewall tires.

—Of course not, she said. But the car in the window is certainly nice. Lots of chromium and leather. And carpeting on the floor.

It has white sidewalls, said the head. He brought home a conservative gray one with black tires and black rubber matting on the floor. It drove like a dream. It leaped at the touch. And it was cheaper.



The better half was brave. She said it was nice. She said it wouldn't show the dirt. Still, blue is a pretty color.

The dealer perspired. He ignored the head of the household. He wooed the better half.

Rubber matting? said she.

The head of the household brought the old car home and never said a mumbling word. He was counting his bank account in his head.

The better half came to see me the next day. Said she wanted to show me the new car. Gray? asked I. The nice gray car, the well-oiled car? The cheaper one?

Oh, no, she said. Look.

It was blue. It had white sidewall tires and silk upholstery.

How did you talk the head of the household into this? I asked.

Simple, said the better half. This one, she said proudly, has carpeting.

Patty Johnson

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Cover:

The chill Autumn winds have turned the leaves a rainbow mixture of soft browns and reds, warning us that overcoat-and-earmuff weather is only a few weeks away. The nippy air has also turned the freckle-splashed cheeks of this sweet young miss rosy red—and made her thankful for the warmth of her woolen sweater and her dog grateful for his heavy coat. (Photo by Phoebe Dunn from FPG.)

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Walter C. Dreyfus, Associate Publisher
Ben Kartman, Editorial Director
Melanie De Proff, Food Editor
William A. Fetter, Art Director
Associate Editors
Robert Fitzgibbon Regina Gruss
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Never Really Sick...
Never Really Well

THE GRAY SICKNESS*

Never sick enough to stay in bed yet never really well. The GRAY SICKNESS keeps millions pale, tired and weak... never able to enjoy life to the full!

*IRON deficiency anemia has been aptly called the GRAY SICKNESS. Not only because its victims have lost their once healthy color, but also because life itself has become gray and drab for them. For you simply can't enjoy work or play when you have to drag through day after weary day feeling tired, weak and listless. And sleep doesn't seem to refresh you for you wake up tired.

The GRAY SICKNESS means your blood isn't getting enough iron. It becomes weak, thin, washed-out... just can't supply your body with the full supply of oxygen it needs for buoyant health and radiant color. Signs of the GRAY SICKNESS may be due to other causes so you should see your doctor regularly.

REBUILD STRENGTH FAST

Fortunately the GRAY SICKNESS responds quickly to proper treatment...and normal healthy color, strength and vigor return. In cases like this doctors usually prescribe an iron tonic containing many times your daily iron requirement. Each therapeutic dose, 6 tablets daily, of IRONIZED YEAST, contains 10 times your

SIGNS OF THE GRAY SICKNESS

☐ PALLOR
 ☐ WEAKNESS

☐ TIREDNESS
 ☐ NERVOUSNESS

☐ LOSS OF APPETITE
 ☐ FREQUENT HEADACHES

☐ LOSS OF ENERGY

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Work, Sleep, Play In Comfort

Without Naggng Backache

Naggng backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains may come on with over-exertion, emotional upsets or day to day stress and strain. And folks who eat and drink unwisely sometimes suffer mild bladder irritation...with that restless, uncomfortable feeling.

If you are miserable and worn out because of these discomforts, Doan's Pills often help by their pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by their mild diuretic action through the kidneys—tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

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"Dad, how old were you before you

Handy

My 15-year-old son Ted zipped up his jacket. "I fixed the toaster," he said. "It took me about 20 minutes. I could have done it faster, but you got a few of the pieces mixed up."

"That's fine," I said. "Now good-bye."

"And my payment is that you pick me up right after the basketball game. Right?"

"Right," I said. "Good-bye again." I looked over the top of my newspaper and saw that he was making a bad job of suppressing his grin.

"Dad," he asked, his face the picture of innocence, "how old were you before you thought you knew more than your father?"

"Fourteen," I said. "You're pretty backward, son."

When he was gone, I re-filled my pipe from the humidor. "I could have fixed that toaster," I told my wife, Amy. "All I needed was a little time."

"Of course, dear," she said. "Don't pout. I believe you."

"I am not pouting," I said. "And furthermore I'm proud of the boy. He does have a certain flair for practical mechanics. I'm more of a theory man myself."

My wife changed the thread in her sewing machine. "Have

you tried impressing him some other way, Fred?" she asked. "Maybe in football or baseball?"

"He can kick ten yards farther than I can," I said gloomily. "And at the last Father and Son baseball game, I made three errors and struck out four times."

"Well, dear," she said, "at least you're still taller than he is. That must be some comfort."

At 7:30, I got out the car and drove my wife to a shower for one of her friends who was getting married.

"The motor sounds fine now, Fred," she said. "Did you go and have that carburetor thing adjusted?"

"No," I said.

She glanced at me. "Did Ted...?"

"Yes," I said shortly. "And with nothing but a lousy screw driver yet."

After I dropped my wife off, I went back home and sat down to brood. At 9 I stopped brooding and at 10 I got in my car and picked up Amy. We drove to the high-school gym to get Ted.

"How did we do?" I asked him as he got into the car.

"We beat them 67 to 58," he said. "I scored 12 points."

"That's wonderful, dear,"

Amy said. "I remember when your father was on the team he scored 12 points, too." She thought it over. "But that was for the whole season, wasn't it, Fred?"

When we got back to our house, I unlocked the door and flipped the light switch. Nothing happened.

"The light must be burned out," my wife said.

There was just enough moonlight streaming through the windows so we could make our way about the house.

I heard Ted try the light switches without success.

"It isn't likely that all the lights would burn out at one time," he said. "That would be too much of a coincidence. I'll get a flashlight and take a look at the fuse box."

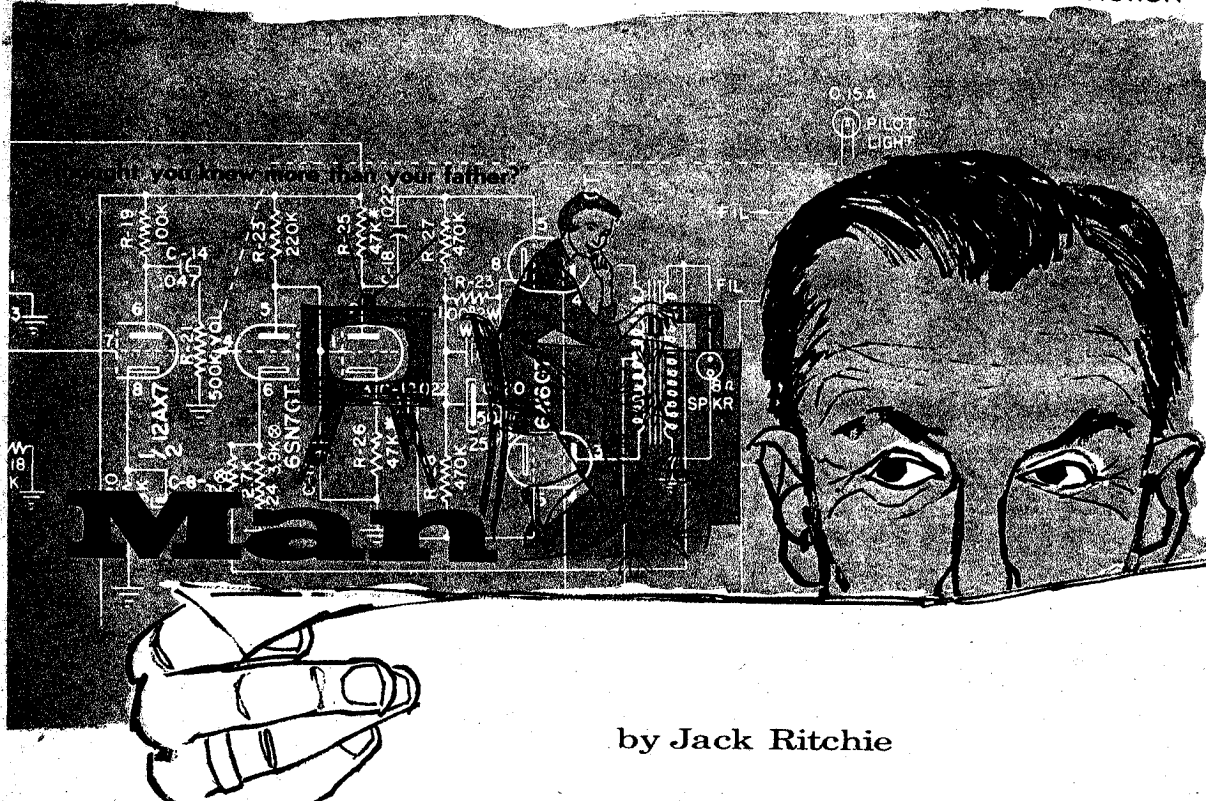
I found my way to an easy chair and sat down to wait.

"Dear," my wife said, "if all the fuses were burned out at one time, that would be a coincidence too, wouldn't it?"

"You know, Amy," I said, "I could really go for a sandwich. If it isn't too dark for you to make one for me?"

I smoked my pipe quietly for about 15 minutes and then Ted came up from the basement. "As far as I can tell,

FICTION



by Jack Ritchie

from looking at them, all the fuses are good. I tried the extras, but no dice. Maybe the whole block is dark."

"Nope," I said. "The lights next door are on."

"I guess we'll have to call the electric company then," Ted said.

I saw the silhouette of my wife returning from the kitchen. She put a sandwich in my hand.

"Son," I said. "Let's give it one more try. Why don't you go to the drugstore and get a box of fuses that we're sure are good? Amy, I'm kind of tired, so why don't you drive him? And while you're there, why not have a soda on me?"

"How long do you want us to be gone, dear?" she asked.

"At least..." I stopped. "Just take your time. There's no rush."

They were gone about 20 minutes and when they returned I was sitting under a lamp, reading the paper.

Ted's jaw was slightly slack as he looked at the lighted rooms. "What did you do, Dad? Kick the side of the house?"

"Oh," I said carelessly, "I traced the circuits and discovered the trouble near the main feed line. Took a couple of minutes to fix."

Ted sat down and looked at me, not quite sure of what to think. I glanced at my watch. "How about a little television before we hit the hay?" I suggested.

Ted went to the set and switched it on. After a couple of minutes he turned to me. "Something's wrong with it. I can't get anything."

My wife carried a pair of drapes she'd been working on to her sewing machine. "Can't you fix it, Ted?"

"Television is one thing I don't know anything about, Mom," Ted said. "It's pretty complicated stuff."

I rose from my chair and unplugged the set. I took the screw driver out of my back pocket and began unscrewing the back of the set. "I'll have a look at it," I said.

Ted regarded me with a lifted eyebrow. Then he shrugged his shoulders and took a seat on the davenport.

I worked behind the set for five minutes and then put the cover back on.

"There," I said as I finished, "that ought to do it. The transverse magnetic field got blocked up against the L-bracket, or something like that. Anyway, I knew what I was doing."

I turned on the set, and after a short period of warming up the picture flashed bright and clear on the screen and the sound worked, too.

Ted watched the screen for about half an hour and then got up. "Good night, Mom," he said, kissing her. "Good night, Dad."

He stood before me a moment and then he scratched his head and grinned.

"Yes," I said complacently, "never underestimate your old dad."

When he was upstairs, my wife switched off the television set. "Pretty neat," she said. "Unscrewing all the

light bulbs in the house so they wouldn't burn."

I softly whistled a tune and looked at the ceiling.

"The sandwich," she said. "When I got the salami out of the refrigerator, that little light inside went on. I wondered how that could be when no other light in the house worked. So I went to the bedroom and fooled around with the lamps until I discovered your little trick."

"Hm," I said to myself. "One little slip-up and there goes the perfect crime."

"And now suppose you tell

me about the television set."

I smiled slightly to myself. "Hardly any television set will work when you've got two of the tubes tucked away in your pocket."

"Fiendish," my wife said. "Utterly fiendish. But I suppose it was for a good cause. Too bad Ted didn't stay up for act three."

"Act three?" "Yes," Amy said. "What clever little thing did you do to my sewing machine so that it wouldn't work?"

I looked at the machine. "I didn't touch it, Amy," I said, "and that's the truth."

She folded the drape material. "Well," she replied, sighing, "I'll see what Ted can do about it tomorrow."

I glared at her for a few seconds and then I got up and advanced upon the sewing machine with my screw driver poised.

It was quite a tricky job, but at last I discovered what was wrong and made the repair. I felt quite elated about that. So elated that I felt like waking up Ted and my wife to boast to them about what I'd accomplished.

But I decided against it. Five o'clock in the morning is no time to brag about how handy you are with tools.

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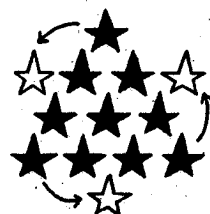
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